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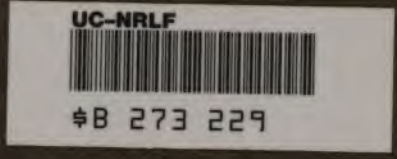

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MEMORIES

of

SCHOOL DAYS

by

WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS

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SAN BERNARDINO, CALIFORNIA
BARNUM & FLAGG COMPANY
1921

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I

PHILLIS is my only joy,
Faithless as the wind or seas;
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please.
If with a frown
I am cast down,
Phillis, smiling
And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before.

Though, alas! too late I find
Nothing can her fancy fix,
Yet, the moment she is kind,
I forgive her all her tricks;
Which though I see,
I can't get free;
She deceiving,
I believing,
What need lovers wish for more?

—Sir Charles Sedley.

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I

OMNES ante alias Phyllida diligo,
Quae ventis levior, quae levior mari,
Sit nunc difficilis, nunc facilis, licet,
Nunquam non placuit mihi.
Me contracta minis frons quoties gravi
Cura sollicitat, pectora protinus
Ridens laeta magis quam prius efficit
Phyllis, fallere doctior.
Quamvis comperiam, serius heu! nihil
Mentem posse diu figere mobilem,
Se vero simul ac praestet amabilem
Omnes non memini dolos.
Quos quanquam video, sed fugere impotens
Vinclis illaqueor; sic facilem nimis
Falli fallit adhuc; at meliore amans
Ecquis sorte frui velit?

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II.

WEEP no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk tho' he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head.
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.
So Lycidas sank low, but mounted high,
Thro' the dear love of Him that walked the waves,
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above
In solemn troops and sweet societies
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

—John Milton.

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II.

SISTITE, pastores tristes, iam sistite fletus;
Deperiit neque enim Lycidas quem fletis ademptum,
Oceani quamvis recubet sub gurgite mersus;
Non aliter condit voltus modo Lucifer undis
Aequoreis, at mox pronum caput erigit; idem
Luce nova reparat radios, auroque refictus
Depellit noctem, et medio splendescit Olympo.
Sic pelago mersus Lycidas surrexit ad astra,
Illius auxilio ponti super aequora quondam
Qui direxit iter, qua nunc nova flumina propter,
Silvasque insolitas, aspergit nectare crines
Ambrosios, atque audit inenarrabile carmen
Connubii, in regnis laetis et amore beatis.
Illic excipiunt Lycidan coetusque manusque
Caelicolum dulces, semper qui carmina cantant,
Cantantesque errant passim guttasque tepentes
Abstergunt oculis, atque ora madentia siccant.
Pastores, Lycida, lacrymas tenuere caducas;
Nonne vides? Genius posthac agnosceris orae,
Praemia larga tibi, et nautas tutaberis omnes
Oceani tumidas peragrant qui navibus undas.

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III.

THE water-lily to the light
Her chalice rear'd of silver bright;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemm'd with dew-drops, led her fawn;
The gray mist left the mountain-side;
The torrent show'd its glistening pride;
Invisible in flecked sky
The lark sent down her revelry;
The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;
In answer coo'd the cushat dove
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

—Sir Walter Scott.

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III.

EXPLICAT argenteos calices ad lumina solis
Eoi mediis insita lotos aquis;
Experrecta salit subolemque ad gramina ducit
Dama, ubi distinguit roscidus umor agros;
Rarescunt nebulae iuga per declivia montis;
Luce nova rutilans fluminis unda micat.
Sublata ex oculis, volitans per nubila caeli,
Desuper exultans mittit alauda melos;
Interea turdique diem merulaeque salutant,
Qua filices inter densa rubeta virent;
Murmure respondet blando vicina palumbes,
Ingeminans placidos pace et amore modos.

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IV.

THERE is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
A stranger commanded—it sunk on the land;
It has frozen each heart, and benumb'd every hand.
The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust;
The bloodless claymore is but redden'd with rust;
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.
The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse!
Be mute every string, and be hush'd every tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.
But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past;
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last!
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

—Sir Walter Scott.

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IV.

MONTE sedent nebulae; stat vallis opaca tenebris;
Sed Galli somno lugubriore cubant.
Advena mandavit; terrae sopor ingruit, et iam
Cuncta manus torpet; pectora cuncta rigent.
Sanguinis ignarus robigine tingitur ensis;
Pulvere iam sicae scutaque foeda iacent.
Per iuga, per saltus, visa est si forte sagitta,
Non nisi montis aves capreolosve petit.
Fortia maiorum referant si gesta poetae,
Sit pudor aut ictus praemia digna modis.
Omne melos sileat, rumpantur fila lyrarum,
Quae nobis revocant quod fuit ante decus.
Sed noctis fugere horae, fugere soporis;
Iam tandem albescit montibus orta dies;
Surgentis Phoebi radiis iuga celsa rubescunt,
Et splendore micans fluminis unda salit.

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V.

WHERE shall the lover rest
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?
Where, thro' groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow;
Where early violets die
Under the willow.

There, thro' the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never!

—Sir Walter Scott.

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V.

CARPET infelix ubi amans quietem,
Saeva quem fida procul a puella
Fata secernunt, profugum per omne
Tempus ab illa?
Qua per excelsos nemorum recessus
Mugiunt fluctus pelagi remoti:
Flos ubi primus violae salignis
Marcet in umbris:
Qua per ardorem Canis aestuosi
Amnis algentes lavat unda ripas:
Qua per insanae rabiem procellae
Vix tremit arbos:
Hic, in aeternum profugus, frueris
Debita tandem requie, nec ulla
Dormientis vox poterit perennem
Rumpere somnum.

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VI.

THE sun is rising dimly red;
The wind is wailing low and dread;
From his cliff the eagle sallies;
Leaves the wolf his darksome valleys;
In the midst the ravens hover;
Peep the wild dogs from their cover;
Screaming, croaking, baying, yelling,
Each in his wild accents telling:—
"Soon we'll feast on dead and dying;
Fair-haired Harold's flag is flying".

Many a crest on air is streaming;
Many a helmet darkly gleaming;
Many an arm the ax uprears
Doomed to hew the wood of spears.
All along the crowded ranks
Horses neigh, and armour clanks;
Chiefs are shouting, clarions ringing.
Louder still the bard is singing:—
"Gather footmen, gather horsemen;
To the field, ye gallant Norsemen".

—Sir Walter Scott.

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VI.

VIX ruber exoritur subfusco lumine Phoebus;
Submisso ventus murmure triste gemit;
Destituunt aquilae clivos, latera ardua montis;
Deque nigris properant vallibus, ecce, lupi;
Desuper in medio dependent aethere corvi;
E latebris spectant, effera turba, canes;
Exululant, latrant, strident, raucumque minantur,
Clamantes propriis vocibus usque minas:—
Corpora defunctorum et qui moriuntur edemus;
Auricomi volitant Martia signa ducis.
Plurima nimbosas fluitat crista alba per auras;
Plurima nigranti cassida luce micat;
Plurima vibratur dextra minitante bipennis,
Quae silvam hastarum, saepta inimica, metat.
Undique per densas acies turmasque virorum
Hinnit ecus, pugnae conscius, arma crepant;
Iussa duces clamant, litui taratantara dicunt.
Clarius at vatis carmen in aure sonat:—
Eia agite heroes omnes, peditesque equitesque;
Quos Aquilo adflavit, surgite; pugna vocat.

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VII

O SILVERY streamlet of the fields,
That flowest full and free,
For thee the rains of spring return,
The summer dews for thee;
And, when thy latest blossoms die
In autumn's chilly showers,
The winter fountains gush for thee,
Till May brings back the flowers.

O stream of Life, the violet springs
But once beside thy bed;
But one brief summer on thy path
The dews of heaven are shed;
Thy parent fountains shrink away,
And close their crystal veins;
And, where thy glittering current flowed,
The dust alone remains.

—W. Cullen Bryant.

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VII

QUI per agros curris latos, argenteus amnis:
Qui properas pleno gurgite liber aquas,
Vere tibi reduces pluviae funduntur in annos,
Aestivusque iterum ros iterumque cadit;
Et, cum relliquias maturo funere florum
Auctumni rabies imbre geluque necat,
En tibi brumales mittunt nova flumina fontes,
Germina dum secum ver rediviva ferat.
At semel, O vitae flumen, tibi nascitur annus,
Inque tuo violae margine fragrat odor,
Cui semel e caelo tanti per taedia cursus
Aestivi rores, unica dona, cadunt.
Decrescunt sensim fontes, atque aemula quondam
Crystalli liquidas vena moratur aquas;
Quaque renidebant alveo currentia pleno
Flumina, pulvereum velat harena solum.

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VIII.

ERE, in the Northern gale,
The Summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold,
In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendors glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks; the sweet south-west, at play
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

W. Cullen Bryant.

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VIII.

ANTE procelloso Boreae quam flamine raptis
Arbor ab aestivis areat orba comis,
Undique per vallem silvas sua gloria vestit;
Auctumnale suo ridet honore nemus.
Quae iuga praecingunt pictos longo ordine campos,
Titanum vastis molibus instar habent,
Stantque velut regum manus, ostro insignis et auro,
Tutamen magici praesidiumque loci.
Has ego per silvas, iuga quae frondosa coronant,
Lumine purpureas versicolore, vagor,
Arboreaeque trabes, series nitidissima, vivo
Despiciunt virides caespite subter agros.
Nec mihi per gratos soli libet ire recessus,
Iucundum Zephyri cui comitantur iter,
Ludentesque volant leni cum murmure frondes
Qua variae sternunt devia longa viae.

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